

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## ROCKING BABY BY THE FIRE.

This earth is full of brightness  
For the heart that's strong and gay,  
And youth has hours of lightness  
That must sometime pass away;  
But I cannot mourn their going,  
Nor the wealth of their desire,  
While I sit in sweetest comfort,  
Rocking baby by the fire.

Sometimes the world seems hard and cold,  
And often, I confess,  
I think its sins are manifold—  
Its wrongs need some redress.  
Yet, when I turn at evening  
My back upon its ire,  
I forget about its troubles  
Rocking baby by the fire.

They say there is another life  
That's better far than this;  
If so, to us is given  
A foretaste of its bliss.  
I never doubt its holding  
All the soul can ever require;  
But it's pretty close to Heaven—  
Rocking baby by the fire.

—Louisa C. Ray, in Home Queen.



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### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED

They were walking slowly back to the porch of his unfinished quarters as they talked—he, his adjutant and his special friend, Capt. Raymond. Quiet had settled down on the post. Wearied with watching almost everybody had gone to get such sleep as was possible, but the guard and a few officers still remained wide awake. Mrs. Foster, unable to control her anxiety, was still restlessly pacing the veranda or rocking in her big chair, and the officer of the day, returning from a tour of the sentry posts, was standing on the walk and saying some reassuring words, when the post commander and his party came along.

"I feel dreadful nervous about that boy, major," said she. "Of course, it was all very brave of him to take such a risk for Mrs. Downey's sake, but when Indians have dared to come within a mile of us what's to prevent their being all along that westward road now? Couldn't you have sent a few men?"

"Could, perhaps," said the major, with an air that betrayed just a little how much he resented it that any of the ladies should question his judgment, "but there are two reasons why I didn't—more than two, in fact. In the first place, the boy had just come safely in over the road, and that shows that it is probably safe for to-night at least. Even Apaches have to sleep sometimes, you know. In the second place, Capt. Foster has driven ahead of him any Indians that might have been out here to the north—if, indeed, those Mexicans weren't shooting at spooks. We have only their word for it, you know, that there were no Tontos at all."

"They ran off two mules," interposed Mrs. Foster, impetuously.

"Wait a moment. The Mexicans say they did, but I've known these greasers to lie like Ananias already, and we've only been here a few weeks. Even if they had had two mules and a boy, what was to prevent the mules stampeding into the hills on their own account, and hiding in some ravine to the west of the road, as their owners did to the east?"

"But Capt. Foster wouldn't chase spooks all night," said the lady, rocking rapidly and excitedly now. She was full of conviction that the Apaches were all around them, and there was no comfort in being argued out of the idea.

"Capt. Foster," replied the major, "knows as well as we do from official reports that the Indians have raided the mines and the Prescott road, and he is gone on, like the good soldier he is," added he, diplomatically, "to warn or rescue these other parties, if they really exist, and stir up the Indians if they get in his way. South of that curtain of mountains," he continued, pointing to the black mass of the Socorro, "and behind your husband's skirmish line we are free from danger. West of this post, which guards the descent to the Sandy valley, no Indian is going to be fool enough to venture unless he's doubly Tonto, which, I'm told, means mad. Now my advice to the wife of my good friend, Capt. Foster, is that she go to bed and sleep. That's what I mean to do."

"But, major," persisted Mrs. Foster, "suppose Leon should be cut off by anybody. He told me you said his Mexican uncle was again here trying to get him. Suppose he shouldn't reach the old post by three o'clock or later, how would you know?"

"Ah, I thought of all that. I told him to start a fire under what's left of that old stack of condemned hay the moment he got in. The sentries out here on Three and Four have already received orders to watch for a fire at the old post. If they don't see it by half-past three at the latest, we'll start a party in search. But that fire'll be there all right. Good night, Mrs. Foster—now don't worry."

But Mrs. Foster did worry. She worried about Leon—exposed, as she believed, to danger from two sources. She worried about her husband, even though her native common sense told

her it was not likely so strong a command as his company would meet with Apaches that night. If Apaches were in the neighborhood they would be apt to keep well out of the way. She worried so that even by two o'clock when she retired to her own room she could not sleep.

But she worried even less than her friend the major, who found himself too uneasy to lie down at all. Bidding good night to the three officers, he had gone to his quarters, and as he took a final look out over the silent and shadowy prairie, thanked goodness Mrs. Thornton and the children were safe in the east. Not that they would have been in any particular danger at Retribution, but because they'd be in the way just now, and when women and children will ask questions that are hard to answer, especially of a post commander. "Confound the Apaches and Muncey and Manuel Cardozo!" said he, "and especially Mrs. Downey! What on earth did she get sick for and have that boy risking his young life to fetch her a camphor julep at three o'clock in the morning?" He wished he had sent a sergeant and ten men back with him, for, if Apaches really were in the Sandy valley, Crane might need reinforcements, anyhow, only he hated to "rout out" men and horses in that heathenish way long after midnight. If anything should go wrong with Leon, how his old friend Cullen would blame him. He looked at his watch—only a little after two—a whole hour to wait before he could hear of the boy's safe return, but surely something should be heard from Foster. It couldn't take his couriers two hours to ride back in the night from Raton Springs.

Lighting his pipe, the major once more went out into the still night air. Over at the guardhouse the lights burned dimly and he could see the shadowy forms of the sentry on No. 1 slowly pacing his post. Stepping out upon the parade, he noted that only in one or two of the windows were the night lights still burning. Earlier in the night signal fires could be seen far over the southeast in the Sierra Ancha, but they had dwindled away. Everything about the garrison seemed to speak of calm and security, yet, along the porticos of the opposite barracks and in their bunks within, a hundred stalwart men lay drowsing with their arms close at hand. Many of them had not even kicked off their boots. "Number 1—half-past two o'clock," rang the call of the sentry at the guard house. Then No. 2 took it up over at the southwest, adding in cheery, resonant tone, "a-a-lis we-e-ll." No. 3, far out on the west front—one of the sentries warned to watch for Leon's signal—came next, and he, too, piped his soldier's lay, prompt and clear and confident. Then No. 4 at the northwest—he who had the best view of the distant valley of the Sandy and the bold outlines of Signal Butte—a big, burly German he—and his deep bass voice rolled out like the bellow of a bull; "Holluf bahst doo o'clock, unt a-a-his vell." Over at the guardhouse the men of the first relief were already turning out preparatory to being inspected and marched off to relieve the members of the third, who had gone out at half-past twelve, and as big Stromberg's resonant bellow went echoing away to the Socorro, there was an audible titter and laughing imitations of his German accent, and then,



"THIS WAY, SERGEANT."

sternly, the sergeant's voice ordered: "Shut up, there! Stop that noise!"

The call had stopped short with No. 4. Not a sound had come from No. 5.

"Who's No. 5 on your relief?" asked the sergeant, sharply.

"Ruckel, the new man," replied the corporal, already picking up his carbine, but listening intently.

"Ruckel's a snoozer," laughed a boy trumpeter, nervously.

"Silence, you! Quick, corporal," said the sergeant. "The man couldn't sleep through that Dutchman's yell."

Promptly the corporal went bounding across the parade, the short cut to the north side, and Maj. Thornton, some strange fear hammering at his heart, fast as he could walk, had hurried around to the back of his quarters, where once more he could see the polar constellations shimmering over the Socorro and the dim, vague, shadowy lowland stretching away from the slope at his very feet. Already big Stromberg had begun to repeat his call in Teutonic observance of the order that if the next sentry failed to pass it it should be repeated once. Already Number Six, far around at the corral, had lifted up a shout for the corporal, convinced that something must be wrong with Five. But the corporal was in rapid rush for the scene. He never pulled up as he passed the major, but hastened on

down the bluff. Thornton paused at the brink.

"Where are you, Five? What's the matter?" he heard the corporal's eager hail in the darkness. No answer.

"Where are you, Ruckel? Wh—?" Then a stumble—a stifled exclamation—the sound of something like a carbine falling on the sandy ground, and then along the bluff trot, trot, trot, trot, double time, the rapid coming of the sergeant with the patrol and a lantern.

"This way, sergeant," cried the major, as he led on down the slope. "Come here with that light, for God's sake," rang the voice of the corporal. And fifty yards further they found him bending over an inanimate and bleeding form—that of Ruckel, the young Bavarian trooper, pierced through with Tonto arrows.

### CHAPTER IV.

Alive, alert and well at two o'clock the young sentry on Number Five had passed the call. Entitled to his relief immediately after two thirty and allowed a few hours' rest and sleep at the guardhouse, he had but half an hour now to tramp up and down—and down along that dark and dreary post, with the black silhouettes of the officers' quarters rising between him and the southern sky and the black shadows of the northward foothills hemming the view to the Prescott road. Soft and sandy was the soil in this depression, with stunted shrubbery and hardy brushwood dotting it here and there. West of the road by which G troop had trotted away the ground lay open and clear. East of it and over toward the upper end of Six's post there remained many clumps of wild vegetation, and if any doubts existed at two o'clock of the near presence of Apaches in force they were banished at two thirty, for C troop, tumbling out in hot haste and formed in fighting line, went down the slope in single rank, out over the post of poor Ruckel lying there skewered with Tonto shafts, and in dispersed order, with carbines at ready, they beat through that chaparral, stirring up the jack rabbits by the score, and, later on, finding here and there and in a dozen spots the track of a Tonto moccasin—unmistakable as the hoof prints of a moose, but finding not a single Tonto. Fleetest of mountain warriors, they had made their reconnaissance, and then while some drew Foster's troop toward the Raton Springs others, slipping behind, had crept noiselessly within ten yards of the drowsing sentry, looting in fancied security along his shadowy path, passing and repassing between their lair and the star-lit southern sky, until, crawling upon him, sinuous and slow and patient as the boa constrictor, they had struck at one and the same instant, and dropped him in his tracks with no more than one gurgling, inarticulate cry, then sped away for the foothills.

While Raymond's men were beating the bush, their comrades of F troop had saddled and led into line at the stables. It was three fifteen when the dismounting company came swinging back up the slope, silent, vengeful, yet thrilling a bit with the sense of unseen danger. Thornton by this time was fully aroused to the possibilities of Apache warfare.

"It will be daybreak soon," he said, "and I want you, Turner, to push out on the trail of those beggars and run them to earth if a possible thing. Raymond will remain with me. They must belong to some bigger band hereabouts. God grant it isn't along the Sandy—now."

Involuntarily as he spoke he turned and looked to the west. There stood old Signal Butte—dark and silent still. No sign of beacon fire there. There lay the dim and distant ruins of the old post, down in the depths of the shadowy valley. No sign of danger or excitement. Yet if the Apaches dare stalk the sentries of a big command as these had done, what would they not dare with so small a detachment as Crane's? And then those unprotected women and children at Kelly's ranch! Thornton had seen exciting times during the war of the rebellion, but women and children never entered into those calculations. It was after three when Raymond's men returned from their fruitless quest. Turner's troop had gone out to the stables, and not a word had come from Foster, not a sign from the Sandy valley to tell that Leon had safely reached the post. Nervously the major paced up and down his broad veranda now, every little while pausing to address some query or instruction to officers or men hastening by. Lights were flitting about in every set of quarters and on every side.

Everybody was astir, even the children. Over at the east the stars were beginning to pale in the faint, pallid light of the coming morn, and little by little the jagged outline of the Mogolon range grew sharp and clear against the reddening sky. Over at the west the peaks began to warm and glow in answer, while at their base the valley of the Sandy still lay dark and unrevealed. Nearly four o'clock—no further word from Foster. Could he have sent couriers from the springs, who, riding carelessly, confidently homeward, had met poor Ruckel's fate? Certainly by three o'clock he should have been heard from, and here it was almost daylight. In ten minutes, just as soon as coffee could be served, Turner, with his troop, would push away on his scout, and then, all on a sudden, the old anxiety flashed again upon the major. Nearly four o'clock and Leon's signal had not been fired. Great heavens! were the Apaches on the westward road, then, after all? Was that brave

little life another sacrifice? Taking Raymond and his adjutant with him, the major once more tramped out to the westward. There over the tumbling sea of rock and gorge and beetling cliff the gleaming tip of old San Pedro peered at them, his rugged flanks robed in royal purple, but even Signal Butte in the lower valley lay shrouded in gloom. In low tone the sentry on No. 4 challenged at their approach. He recognized the voices of his officers, but orders compelled him to demand further token. "Friends with the countersign," answered the adjutant, half impatiently, as though to say: "We weren't coming on or across your post," yet refraining from other words because he knew the sentry's right.

"Halt, friends! Advance one with the countersign," ordered the soldier, in the same low, firm tone, and, obediently, Thornton and Raymond waited while the junior officer went quickly forward and whispered the mystic word over the lowered bayonet of the infantry guard. Permitted then to hold conversation with his visitor, Private Graham answered the first anxious question of the major: "No, sir; not a sign of a fire anywhere in the valley. I've been watching particular." And just at that moment the call of four o'clock began.

Only two calls had gone the rounds since the discovery of Ruckel's fate, and once more now, still dim and indistinct, the post of No. 5, down in the low ground to the north was uncovered at the front, for Raymond's troop had returned. Instinctively the officers turned away from No. 4 and



"ADVANCE, FRIENDS."

walked back nearer the northward slope as the soldier watch cry came on from lip to lip. They could just faintly distinguish the form of the sentry well to the westward of the road, well out of range—small blame to him—of those stunted brush heaps and the point where poor Ruckel had been done to death less than two hours before. He had halted a moment as though to listen to the call as it came to him, and No. 4—the infantryman they had just left—began to take it up as No. 3's voice died away. Then all of a sudden No. 5 brought his rifle down to the charge and went leaping like a colt along his post to the point where it was crossed by the Prescott road, and instead of the prolonged and melodious call of the hour, when it came his turn, it was the sentry's challenge—sharp, clear and imperative—that split the morning air. There was something nerve tingling, something that smacked of swift coming alarm in the very tone, and its only answer at the front was the quick, rising thud of galloping horse's hoofs. Again rang the challenge—all three words jumbling this time into one—"Whocomeshere?"—then "Halt!" "Halt, or I'll fire!" and then Raymond's powerful tones rang out through the breathless air.

"Hold your fire, sentry. That horse has no rider!"

But the only answer was the loud bang of the Springfield and the leaden bullet went whistling away toward the pole star. That sentry had heard enough of the perils of post No. 5 for one night, and preferred to take no chances. "Sure, I didn't hear the captain," he explained, a few minutes later. "He heard only the rapid coming of horse's hoofs, and despite the fact that horses were things the mountain Apaches never thought of using except when hungry, Private Hanrahan believed all the Tonto tribe were coming and let drive accordingly. It was only a troop horse, blown and bleeding, only another evidence of the devilish cunning of the savage foe, for the moment Corporal Dunn could reach them on the jump, he cried, with a sob in his voice: 'It's Tralee, of G troop, sir. Jim Rafferty's horse.' And so at last here was Foster's courier from Raton Springs—but where were the dispatches? Where, alas, was Jim? Tralee's heaving flanks and distended nostrils and eyeballs told his story of peril and homeward flight, even as the long welt in his broad haunch and the gash through the high pomel of the McClellan tree were eloquent of its cause. Like Ruckel, the sentry, poor Rafferty, homeward speeding with his captain's midnight dispatch, had been ambushed at the roadside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Congregation Inferred.

When the bellows gave out and the organist in a Rockland church was unable to get anything but a few groans from the instrument, and the pastor remarked: "The organ has failed at a vital moment; let us arise and sing 'Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow,'" some of the people wondered just what he meant.

## SATURDAY'S HOUSE.

Mr. Towne Speaks for Free Silver and Mr. Hall for "Sound Money."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The debate on the free coinage substitute for the house bond bill was very spirited Saturday. Mr. Towne, of Minnesota, a republican, claimed the attention of the house and galleries for over an hour with an eloquent effort on behalf of free coinage.

Mr. Hall, a democrat from Missouri, announced his conversion to "sound money" in a rather sensational speech, in which he charged that eight senators who voted for free coinage, according to "credible information," had privately said that they believed free coinage would bring upon this country national and individual bankruptcy and ruin. He declared that a high officer of the administration had said that the silver agitation had already cost the government \$262,000,000 in bond issues and in the course of the next 12 months the bond issue would increase to \$1,000,000,000.

Mr. Corliss favored the passage of a bill to secure international bimetalism by an agreement with other nations than Great Britain.

## FIVE YEARS FOR COLEMAN.

Embezzling Cashier of the Fort Scott State Bank Sentenced.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., Feb. 10.—J. E. Coleman, who a few days ago pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of \$9,000 from the State bank, although his shortage amounts to \$51,000, was sentenced to five years at hard labor in the penitentiary. Before receiving his sentence he made his first statement since being arrested. He said that although some believed that he had some of his stealings hidden, it was not so, and that he was penniless. He then broke down and sobbed piteously, although his wife tried to comfort him.

While delivering the sentence Judge Walter L. Simons took occasion to condemn vigorously the inequality of the present state law which places the maximum penalty for embezzlement at five years, while the maximum penalty for burglary is ten years.

## TO EXTEND PENSION LAWS.

Congressman Clark, of Missouri, Has a Bill to Include Officers and Privates of the Militia.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Congressman Clark, of Missouri, introduced a bill in the house which provides that the present provisions of existing pension laws be extended to officers and privates, their widows and children and dependent fathers and mothers of militia men raised in the states from 1861 to 1865, who performed service to the United States, or were subject to call for a period of 90 days. It is also provided that a certificate of discharge from either the state or federal government shall be prima facie evidence of service rendered, and shall entitle the person named therein or his heirs to receive a pension.

## A FATAL RIDE.

A Young Couple Drive into Nine Feet of Water and Are Drowned.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Peter L. Atkins took Maud Kelley, aged 23, out driving last night. They crossed Wallkill river at Hoskins bridge, and in the darkness Atkins drove off the road into the flooded meadow. The water was nine feet deep and the two stood on the seat of the wagon calling for help. A Frenchman named Baupre went to their assistance with a lantern, but when the water reached his hips he was obliged to retire. The two succumbed to the intense cold and both sank beneath the flood after an hour's suffering.

## FEE SYSTEM MUST GO.

United States Marshals and Attorneys Will Soon Be Placed on Salaries.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The subcommittee of the judiciary committee having in charge the bill to abolish the fee system for the payment of officers of the United States courts decided to recommend that the bill, as amended, pass. The bill, as changed by the subcommittee, and as it will be reported, will provide that all fees be turned in to the government; that United States attorneys and marshals shall receive from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year, the amount to be based on the amount of business transacted.

## CREW OF SEVEN DROWNED.

Schooner Florida Goes to Pieces Off the Massachusetts coast.

AMESBURY, Mass., Feb. 10.—The schooner Florida, coal laden for an eastern port, was discovered half a mile off Salisbury beach, in a sinking condition. The Plum Island saving crew attempted to reach the vessel with a line but failed. At ten o'clock the Florida went to pieces, when the masts gave way, letting the seven occupants into the sea. Two of the bodies were washed ashore. The life-saving crew could do nothing, as no boat could stand the sea.

## TWO CHILDREN KILLED.

Caught Under a Falling Chimney While Viewing the Ruins of a Fire.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—Two children were instantly killed and one young man seriously injured as the result of a fire which occurred on Fort Hamilton avenue. The cottage was unoccupied and the fire started from an unknown cause and the building was burned to the ground. Later in the day while a crowd of children and others were viewing the ruins the chimney fell without warning, burying the three mentioned.